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**Ingram's universal
songster**

London

[18--]

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NO. 2.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

INGRAM'S UNIVERSAL SONGSTER.

CONTENTS OF No 2.

The Gin Shop Bar.
The Elfin Call.
My Mother in Law.
Friends of my Youth.
Billy Barlow
Going Home with the Milk
in the Morning.
My Pretty Jane.
Little Nell.
The Origin of Woman.
Cease your Funning.
Far, Far upon the Sea.
We won't go Home 'till
Morning.
Vilikins and his Dinah.
My Mother's Song.
There is a Flower that
Bloometh.

To the West! to the West!
Don't tell the Society.
Eliza's Song.
Britannia, the Pride of the
Ocean.
The Lively Flea.
Nelly Bly
The London Modern Swell
I'm over Young to Marry
yet.
Johnny Sands,
I'm a Bold Buccaneer.
Softly Sighs.
There's Sunlight in
Heaven.
Land! Land! Land!
When all Alone.

LONDON:

Published by G, INGRAM, 3, BRITANNIA STREET,
CITY ROAD.

THE GIN SHOP BAR.

When first I saw Miss Bailey,
 'Twas on a Saturday,
 At the Corner Pin, she was drinking gin,
 And smoking a yard of clay;
 And when that pipe was emptied,
 She filled it with bacca again,
 Throw off her glass, and shouted old lass
 Let's have another drain!
 As she stood at the gin-shop bar,
 She'd sing, and she laugh, ha, ha,
 While I've got the tin,
 I'll spend it in gin;
 So good luck to the gin-shop bar.

Miss Bailey round the bar, sirs,
 Would send her glass of gin,
 She d'nt care who drank with her,
 While she had got the tin.
 But where the rhino comes from,
 'Twould puzzle queen or king,
 All I can say, she used to pay
 Would this lushy girl I sing.
 As she sat at the gin-shop bar,
 Singing fal la de ral la,
 I don't care a pin,
 While I've got the tin
 It shall go at the gin-shop bar.

I'd rather be outside, sirs,
 Than with that molley throng
 For she kept on annoying me,
 And coming it rather strong.
 'Till she fell off her perch, sirs,
 A sprawling on the floor,
 And loudly shouts, my glass is out,

INGRX

V. 2

Let's have a tooth-rull more,
 But the man at the gin-shop bar
 Said, the Bobby he is not far,
 Who quickly did fetch her,
 Then off on a stretcher,
 She went from the gin-shop bar,
 Next morning a government car,
 Took her to the police bar,
 She was heard to say;
 As they bore her away,
 I takes after my own mama.

□□□□□□

THE ELFIN CALL.

Come away, elves, while the dew is sweet,
 Comé to the dingles where the fairies meet—
 Know that the lillies have spread their bells,
 O'er all the pools in our forest dells.
 Come to the dingles where faries meet,
 Come away, come away, come, come away.

Come away,—under arching bows we'll float,
 Making with care a fairy boat—
 We'll row them with reeds o'er the mountains free,
 And a tall flag-leaf shall our streamer be.
 And we'll send out wild music so sweet and low,
 It shall seem from the bright flowers heart to flow,
 As if 'twere a breeze with a flute's low sigh,
 Or water drops trained into melody.

Come away, &c.

And a star from the depth of each purly cup,
 A golden star into heaven look up,
 As if seeking its kindred, where bright they lie,
 Sat in the blue of the summer sky.

Come away.

PAGINATION BEGINS

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WHITE

35

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MY MOTHER IN LAW.

Tune,—*My Brother-in-law.*—by J. Newell.

If you listen unto me, a tale I will unfold,
That will turn your hair grey and make your blood cold,
My mother she died; when she gave birth to me,
I was brought up by hand, without any tittee.
I was shifted about as you all may suppose,
And was liberally treated with cuffs, kicks, and blows,
And would you believe it, I could hardly use my paw,
When my father brought home a nice mother in law,
In law, in law, a mother in law,
A cruel, brutal, mother in law.

'Twas on the first of April, I remember well the day,
When my jolly old father, to church he trip'd away
When my stupid old father, a poor old easy fool,
Married the widdow Wagstaff, the silly old tool.
They had dinner at home, and if the truth may be told,
They both got blind drunk, and went early to bed,
And I was pitch'd out with a sad broken head
To make room in bed for my mother in law,
In law, in law, my mother in law.
I was pitch'd out of bed the' my mother in law.

I laid on the boards 'till my poor bones did ache,
And wish'd that the bugs might keep them awake,
I fell off to sleep, and, strange tho' 'tis true,
I was rous'd from my slumber 'bout the hour of two,
I woke in a fright through a terrible crash,
When I saw the old bedstead had broken to smash,
And all of a heap there laid on the floor,
My foolish old father and mother in law,
O lor, O lor, 'twas a judgment I saw,
On my wicked old father and mother in law.

For days she has kept me without any food,
 'Cos she said I took notice, which was very rude,
 While her and my father eat ready to burst,
 And as the've no teeth, I comes in for the crust.
 No sugar or milk she puts into my tea,
 Says it's quite good enough for a monkey like me,
 While she tosses her gin and scotch snuff galore;

Now there's a nice duck of a mother in law,
 In law, snuffy, lushey, mother in law

Now every night, before going to bed,
 She boasts of her dear darling husband that's dead,
 She talks of his actions, and what he could do,
 Which father don't relish, it makes him look blue.
 She longs for all kinds of things during the day,
 She must have 'em, she says, as sh's in a queer way.
 She has all his wages, and yet she wants more.

He can't satisfy my mother in law.

In law, in law, my mother in law.

She told me t'other day, to come to the point;
 I should very soon have my nose put out of joint!
 She's half starved me quite, which makes me so thin,
 That I've made up my mind, to get me some tin,
 To go for a soldier, or else go to sea,
 I shall hook it to night, have no more of their tea

Thro' that nasty old cat, my mother in law,

In law, in law, my mother in law,

I should like for to smash my mother in law.

I didn't much like to be turn'd out of bed,

So to mother in law I civilly said,

Please can't you find room behind fathers back?

As I've nothing to lay on excepting a sack?

Well, I never! what next? said the unfeeling brute,

If you won't sleep in bed, you knows where's the door,

And my prayers on that night, as I laid on the floor.

Was jolly bad luck to my mother in law.
 In law, in law, my mother in law,
 Now there was a wretch of a mother in law.

□□□□□□

FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

Where are the friends of my youth?

Say! — Where are those cherish'd ones gone?
 And why have they droop'd with the leaf,

Ah! why have they left me to mourn?
 Their voices still sound in my ear,

Their features I see in my dreams;
 And the world is a wilderness drear,

As a wide-spreading desert it seems.

Where are the friends, &c.

Say! — can I ever again,

Such ties can I ever renew.

Or feel those warm pulses again,

Which beats for the dear ones it knew!

The world as a winter is cold,

Each charm seems to vanish away;

My heart is now blighted and cold,

It shares in all nature's decay.

Ah! where are the friends, &c.

□□□□□□

BILLY BARLOW.

As sung by Mr. Sam. Cowell.

Oh, young London gen'l men, how do you do?

I'm here before you with one boot and one shoe.

I don't know how it is, but somehow 'tis so,

Now isn't hard upon Billy Barlow?

Oh dear, oh raggedy, oh

Now' isn't it hard upon Billy Barlow.

As I was going down town t'other day,
The people all stared, and some of 'em did say—
Why that 'ere young covey, now he an't so slow;
I, guess not, said a lady, that's William Barlow.

Oh, dear, &c.
I guess not, says a lady, that's Mister Barlow.

There's a chap in this town, of his name I can't think
He's a-tryin to persuade people not for to drink;
When he show'd me his medal, says I, its no go,
You can't make a tee-totaller of Billy Barlow.

Oh dear, &c.
The cold water cure don't suit Billy Barlow.

As I went up Bond Street last Saturday night,
I was very much tickled, when I seed a sight
Of a crowd of young ladies at Mitchell's window,
A viewing a likeness of Billy Barlow.

Oh dear.
But not half so good-looking as Billy Barlow.

They went in to buy it, and I saw 'em turn pale,
When, Mitchell, he told 'em, it wasn't for sale,
For Prince Albert axed for it, and to him it must go
When he'll set German mnsic to Billy Barlow

For a trip to Southampton I wen't t'other day,
When a crowd gathered round and I heard a cove say—
Why that's Kossoth incog., and I'd have you to know,
They set the bells ringing for Billy Barlow.

Oh dear.
Thus a Hung'ry young hero was Billy Barlow.

I paid sixpence t'other day, and odd it did seem—
To see lots of chickens a-hatchin by steam,
So I said to the man who conducted the show—

Can you hatch me a chicken like Billy Barlow?
Oh dear.

He's rather a rare bird is Billy Barlow.
Now young London gen'l'men I'll wish you good bye,
I'll get a new suit when clothes an't so high,
My hat's shocking bad, that all of you know,
But it looks well on the head of Billy Barlow.

GOING HOME WITH THE MILK IN THE MORNING.

Grieving's a folly;
I hate melancholy,
For mirth is the best thing on earth I can find.
Let them say what they will,
Still my goblet I'll fill,
And water as drink, will be scorning!
The head-ache and pains I all do defy;
It is better, believe me, to laugh than to cry,
Stop out on the spree,
That's the motio for me,
And come home with the milk in the morning.
Some people say,
From the glass keep away,
They are not to be thought of, the ignorant elves,
I lik to go out,
And wander about,
And stop with my friends till the dawning
Sometimes I get more than my head well can bear,
When some friend I meet my enjoyment to share,
I don't care a pin
For the rows I get in,
But reel home with the milk in the morning.

Brown's an excellent fellow,
 And likes to get mellow,
 Stops out on the spree, never heeding the end;
 Although he is single,
 With us he can't mingle,
 For his landlady's given him warning;
 Mr. Brown, Mr. Brown, this conduct won't do,
 Here night after night I'm obliged to sit up for you;
 You shan't have the key,
 You beast, I assure you, from me,
 To come home with the milk in the morning.

To see the sun rising
 Is a sight most surprising,
 As it's tipping with gold every red chimney pot,
 Like the hue on the cheek
 Of the maiden we seek,
 And the light of your eyes on it dawning;
 To see the small sparrows in quiet paths meet,
 Hopping hither and thither their breakfasts to get,
 It's a beautiful sight,
 Which your eyes must delight,
 Coming home with the milk in the morning.

There's little fat Biggs,
 He'd been running his rig,
 And bad, had many skirmishes with the Police,
 And often his eyes,
 You sure would surmise,
 A circle of black were adorning.
 At last Johnny Biggs got a week at the mill,
 Which proved to poor John such a nice little pill,
 He swore never again
 After twelve he'd remain,
 To come home with the milk in the morning.

But I hope you don't think

That I'm given to drink,
 For that on my part a folly would be,
 So mind my example,
 And on it don't trample,
 But take from my moral a warning;
 There's no harm in your grog or beer with a friend,
 But shun dissipation, or look to the end,
 For 'twould sad be to tell,
 That a black workhouse shell,
 Took you home with the milk in the morning!

□□□□□□

MY PRETTY JANE.

My pretty Jane, my pretty Jane,
 Ah, never look so shy,
 But meet me in the evening,
 While the bloom is on the rye.
 The spring is waning fast, my love,
 The corn is in the ear;
 The summer nights are coming love,
 The moon shines bright and clear.
 My pretty Jane.

But name the day, the happy day,
 And I will buy the ring;
 The lads and maids in favours white,
 The village bells shall ring.
 The spring is waning fast, my love,
 The corn is in the ear;
 The summer nights are coming, love,
 The moon shines bright and clear.
 My pretty Jane.

□□□□□□□

TEAST—May the British Flag never float over a slave.

LITTLE NELL.

Musie at Cramer and Co.

They told him, gently, she was dead,
 And spoke of Heaven, and smiled,
 Then drew him from the lonely room
 Where lay the lovely child.
 Twas all in vain, he heeded not
 Their pitying looks of sorrow,
 Hush, hush,—he cried, she only sleeps,
 She'll wake again to-morrow.
 Hush, hush, &c.

They laid her in a lonely grave,
 Where winds blow high and bleak,
 Tho' the saintest summer breeze had been
 Too rough to fan her cheek.
 And there the poor old man would watch,
 In strange, tho' childish sorrow,
 And whisper to himself the words,
 She'll come again to-morrow.
 And whisper, &c.

One day they miss'd him long, and sought
 Where most he long'd to stray,
 They found him dead upon the turf
 Where little Nelly lay.
 With tottering steps he'd wander there,
 Fresh strength and hope to borrow,
 And e'en in dying, breath'd this prayer,
 Oh let her come to-morrow!
 The old man, dying, breath'd the prayer,
 Oh, let her come to-morrow.

□□□□□□

TOAST—The heart that can feel for another.

THE ORIGIN OF WOMAN.

They tell us that woman was made from a rib,
 Just pick'd from a corner so snug in the side;
 But the Rabbie's will swear to you that is a fib,
 For 'twas not so at all that the sex was supply'd

Old Adam, was fashion'd, the first of his kind,
 With a tail like an Ape, a full yard and a span;
 And when Nature cut off this appendage behind,
 Then Woman was made from the Tail of the Man

And if we may judge as the fashion prevail's,
 Most husband's remembering the original plan,
 And thinking his wife is no more than his tail,
 He leaves her behind him as much as he can!

Then if such be the tie betwix'd woman and man,
 The ninny who weds is a pittyfull help,
 For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
 And makes a most confounded Ape of himself,

□□□□□□

CEASE YOUR FUNNING

Cease your funning,
 Force, or cunning,
 Never cease my heart trapan,
 All these sallies
 Are but malice,

To seduce my constant man;
 'Tis more certain,
 By their flirting,

Woman oft have envy shown
 Pleas'd to ruin,
 O! hers' wooing,

Never happy in their own.

FAR, FAR UPON THE SEA

Words by C. MACKAY, L.L.D.

Music by H. Russell, Esq.

Music at the Musical Bouquet Office.

Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
Upon the deck we gather young and old;
And view the flapping sail,
Swelling out before the gale,
Full and round without a wrinkle or a fold,
Or watch the waves that glide,
By the vessels stately side,
Or the wild sea birds that follow thro' the air,
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh, gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair,

Far, far upon the sea,
The good ship speeding free,
We watch the sea birds follow thro' the air;
Or we gather in a ring,
And with cheerful voices sing,
Oh, gaily goes the ship when the winds blow fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
We talk of pleasant days when we were young,
And remember though we roam,
The sweet melodies of home,
The songs of happy childhood which we sung;
And though we quit her shore,
To return to it no more,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall hear.
That Britons rule the waves

And never shall be slaves,
Oh, gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
With the sunshine on our lee,
Sound the glories that Britannia yet shall hear!
That Britons rule the waves,
And never shall be slaves,
Oh, gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
What'er our country be,
The thoughts of it shall cheer us as we go,
And Scotland's sons shall join,
In the song of Auld Lang Syne,
With voices by harmony softened clear and low.
And the men of Erin's Isle,
Battling sorrow with a smile,
Shall sing St. Patrick's Morning, void of care.
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on the way,
Oh, gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair.

Far, far upon the sea,
Whate'er our country be,
We'll sing our native music, void of care,
And thus we pass the day,
As we journey on our way,
Oh, gaily goes the ship when the wind blows fair,

□□□□□□

WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING.

Brave boys, let's all be jolly,
A fig for melancholly,
Since grieving's all a folly,
'Tis folly to grieve, that's clear

While good humour each face is adorning.
 While sorrow in glee we are scorning.
 We won't go home till morning,
 Till daylight doth appear.

We wan't go home till morning,
 We won't go home till morning, &c.
 Till daylight doth appear,
 Till daylight, &c.

We won't go home till morning,
 Till daylight doth appear.

When first the vine was planted,
 A boon to man was granted,—
 The world became enchanted,

And sorrow, in fright, took wing;
 But to keep her for ever away, boys,
 We to Bacchus our homage must pay, boys,
 So here, while we may, let us stay, boys,
 And out of pure gratitude sing—

We won't &c.

Great Jove was a hearty good fellow,
 As poets of old can tell, O,
 With nectar he used to get mellow,
 And no doubt it was jolly good stuff,
 Such example we cannot but follow,
 The hogsheads of wine let's swallow,
 Till we beat the old gentleman hollow,
 But never cry, Hold enough,
 So, we can't go home till morning.

We wan't go home till morning,
 We won't go home till morning,
 Till daylight doth appear,
 We won't go home till morning,
 Till daylight doth appear.

VILIKINS AND HIS DINAH.

Tis of a rich merchant who in London did dwell,
He had but one daughter, and unkimmon nice young
gall,

Her name it was Dinah, scarce sixteen year old,
With a very large fortune in silver and gold,
Tol lal ral lal, &c.

As Dinah was a valiking the garden one day,
Her papa he came to her, and thus he did say,
Go dress thyself, Dinah, in gorgeous array,
And take yourself a husband both gallant and gay.

Oh, papa, oh, papa, I've not made up my mind,
And to marry just yet, why I don't feel inclined,
To you my large fortune I'll gladly give o'er,
If you'll let me live single a year or two more.

Go, go, boldest daughter, the parent replied;
If you won't consent to be this young man's bride.
I'll give your large fortune to the nearest of kin,
And you shan't reap the benefit of one single pin.

As Vilikins was valiking the garden around,
He spied his dear Dinah laying dead upon the ground,
And the cup of cold pison it lay by her side,
With a billet-dux a staving, 'twas by pison she died.

He kissed her cold corpus a thousand times o'er,
And called her his Dinah, though she was no more,
Then swallowed the pison like a lover so brave,
And Vilikins and his Dinah lie both in one grave.

MORAL.

Now all you young maidens take warning by her,
Never not by no means disobey your governer,

And all you young fellows mind who you slap your
 eyes on,
 Think of Vilikins and Dinah and the cup of cold poison.

□□□□□□□□

MY MOTHER'S SONG

Published by D'Almaine, & Co.

There is a tone, a melody, that steals upon the ear
 Like music heard at even tide, o'er waters soft and clear,
 Ther is a voice remember'd still, that breath'd in other
 days,

The songs my infant lips first learnt to warble and to
 praise;

And even now, though years have passed, affection firm
 and strong,

Still brings to mind the music of my mother's plaintive
 song.

I've trod the festive halls of light when music fill'd the
 air,

And mingled in the merry throng the gayest gleeman
 there,

And when the merry laugh proclaimed the minstrel's
 joyous strin,

My heart beat high amid the mirth I echoed back again;
 But even amid the loudest glee—amid the gayest throng—
 Fond memory woke the music of my mother's plaintive
 song;

My mother's song how soft, how sweet, its tones fell
 on mine ear,

When warbled by the lips of her I lov'd to linger near,
 Bright days—past hours—lost joys—for me ye live and
 breathe again,

Recall'd to being by the charm of that familiar strain,—

A talisman of hope and joy to warn my soul from wrong,
Dwells in the mem'ry of that strain—my mother's
plaintive song.

□□□□□□

THERE IS A FLOWER THAT BLOOMETH.

Thre is a flower that bloometh,
When autumn leaves are shed,
With the silent moon it weepeth,
The spring and summer fled.
The early frost of winter,
Scarce one tint hath overcast,
O pluck it, ere it wither,
'Tis the mem'ry of the past.

It wasted perfume o'er us,
Of sweet, though sad regret,
For the true friends gone before us,
Whom none would e'er forget,
Let no heart brave its power,
But guilty thoughts o'er cast,
For then a prison flower,
Is the memory of the past.

□□□□□□

TO THE WEST! TO THE WEST!

Words by C. MACKAY, L.L.D.

Music by H. Russell, Esq.

Music at the Musical Bouquet Office.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free
Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,

Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,
 And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.
 Where children are blessings, and he who hath most,
 Has aid for his fortune and riches to boast,
 Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
 Away, far away, to the land of the west.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
 Where mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea,
 Where the young may exult, and the aged may rest,
 Away, far away, to the land of the west.

To the west, to the west, where the rivers that flow
 Run thousands of miles spreading out as they go,
 Where the green waving forests shall echo our call
 As wide as Old England, and free to us all.
 Where the prairies like seas, where the billows have
 roll'd

Are broad as the kingdom and empires of old,
 And the lakes are like oceans in storm or in rest,
 Away, far away, to the land of the west.

To the west, &c.

To the west, to the west, there is wealth to be won,
 The forest to clear is the work to be done,
 We'll try it, we'll do it, and never despair,
 While there's light in the sunshine, and breath in the air,
 The bold independence, that labour shall buy,
 Shall strengthen our hands, and forbid us to sigh.
 Away, far away, let us hope for the best,
 And build us a home in the land of the west!
 To the west, &c.

□□□□□

TOAST—May our pleasures continue, and our sorrows
 be distant.

DON'T TELL THE SOCIETY.

Oh dear, these are shocking bad times,
Which must make us from piety think
That the ground-work of all other crimes,
Is taking of two much strong drink.
I'm a Temperance man, as you'll find,
And I know how to act with propriety—
And though it seems weakness of mind,
Yes, I've join'd the Teetotal society.
Tol. lol

My wife nearly drank herself mad—
We both stood on poverty's brink—
We pledged every rag that we had,
And then pledged ourselves not to drink.
But my wife often goes on the spree,
And then she acts noisy and riety—
What I say now's between you and me,
So I hope you won't tell the Society.

Tother night I discover'd a plot—
My wife she's a wide-a-wake dame—
To herself she would have a tea pot,
'Cos the Queen, she was told did the same.
But I'm one of them up to snuff coves,
Says I, now you're out, marm, I'll try your tea
It was half full of whiskey and cloves,
But I hope you won't tell the society.

I met with a chap tother night
As belongs to the same club as I—
Says he, Her's a crib out of sight,
Let's go and get a drop on the sly,
We drank till we hadn't a dump,
Then acted with great impropriety.

'Cos we went to sleep under the pump—
But don't go and tell the society.

Father Mathew came by at the time,
The mob, round, began to increase—
Says he, Her's a horrible crime,
Then lugg'd us before the police,
For mercy we both did beseech,
But says he 'tis an act of impiety,
So they knock'd us down five bob a piece.
But don't go and tell the society.

I met with a friend here to night,
And one whom I'd treated before,
And he to make me some amends,
Has made me drink whiskey galore.
Of drops, I have had nine or ten,
Yet I feel in a state of sobriety—
And as you're such nice gentlemen,
I don't think you'll tell the Society.

Now I'll go and get a strong cup of tea,
And some pickles, the'll soon bring me round,
There'll be none of you here as can see,
That I'm any the worse I'll be bound,
As chairman I must be all right,
And fill my post up with propriety,
So I'll wish you all very good night,
I'm going to join the Society.

□□□□□□□

ELIZA'S SONG.

Sleep, my child, let no one hear you,
If you speak, love, whisper low;
Cling to me, while I am near you,
Do not start and tremble so.

Sleep, and I will not forsake you,
Lay your head upon my breast;
No one from my arms shall take you,
There my boy in peace may rest!

• Heaven is shining brightly for me,
And the stars now beaming there
Seem like angels hovering o'er me,
Just to keep me from despair.
Hark! that sound! 'tis like the baying
Of the bloodhounds thro' the wild!
Heaven protect us while I'm praying,
All my thoughts are on my child.

No! it was the cold winds' murmur,
And the sound has passed away,
Making all my hopes the firmer,
For 'tis not in vain I pray.
Boy, your father yet may greet you!
He once more may smile on me;
Husband! husband! I shall meet you
Where your wife no slave will be.

□□□□□

BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

OR, RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

O Britannia, the Pride of the Ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
The world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandate heroes assemble,
When liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyrants tremble,
When born by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
 And threaten'd the land to deform,
 The ark of Freedom's foundation,
 Britannia, rode safe through the storm;
 With her garland of Victory round her,
 So bravely she bore up her crew,
 And her flag floated proudly before her,
 The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither
 And fill it up true to the brim,
 May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
 Nor the star of his glory grow dim;
 May the service, united, ne'er sever,
 But still to her colours prove true,
 The army and navy for ever,
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

oooooooo

THE LIVELY FLEA.

TUNE—THE IVY GREEN.

Oh a dainty old chap is the lively flea,
 That creepeth o'er young and old;
 His choice food is fat, no lean liketh he,
 And he's not very fond of the cold;
 You can't be too warm when he finds you in bed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 Oh, a nice fat kid that's been well fed,
 Is a very good meal for him.
 Creeping where no light there be,
 A rummy old doger is the lively flea.

Fast he creepeth, though he hath no wings,
 And a stunning good hopper is he,
 How sharply he bites, how light he springs.

From your toe to the top of your knee,
 There slyly he hideth, and cannot be found,
 When tormenting, to you he behaves,
 Then he joyously hops and crawleth around,
 The spot which his appetite craves.
 Creeping, &c.

Old bedsteads they burn and the sacking they rend,
 And thousands are crush'd do you see,
 All sorts of clothing turn'd inside out,
 But you can't get rid of the flea.
 This brave old chap in lonely nights,
 Shall fatten upon he or she,
 And the sweetest man or woman he bites,
 They are all of them food for the flea.
 Creeping where no light there be,
 A rummy old dodger is the lively flea.

□□□□□□□

NELLY BLY.

Nelly Bly' Nelly Bly? bring de broom along,
 We'll sweep de kitchen clean, my dear, an hab a little
 song;
 Poke de wood, my lady lub, am make de fire burn,
 An while I take de banjo down just gib de mush a turn,
 Heigh Nelly, oh Nelly, listen lub to me,
 I'll sing for you, play for you, a dalcem melody.

Nelly Bly hath a voice like de turtle dove,
 I hears it in de meadow, an I hears it in de grove;
 Nelly Bly hath a hart, warm as cup ob tea,
 An bigger dan de sweet potatoe, down in Teunessie.
 Heigh Nelly, &c.

Nelly Bly shut her eye, when she go to sleep,
 An when sse wakens up again her eyes balls 'gin to peep,

De way she walks, she lifts her foot, an den she brings
it down,

An when it lights, dere's music dah, in dat part ob de
town. Heigh Nelly, &c.

Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly, nebber, nebber sigh,
Nebber bring de tear drop in de corner ob your eye,
For de pie is made ob pumkin, an de mush is made ob
corn,

An dere's corn an pumkins plenty, lub, a lying in de barn
Heigh Nelly, &c.

OOOOOOO

THE LONDON MODERN SWELL.

TUNE—JACK IN THE GREEN.

A curious nondescript
That ranges street and park,
In motley dress equipp'd,
Oft in my walks I mark!
Hnmility appall'd
Dishowns him, people tell;
But some say that he's call'd
The London modern swell!

Come listen all to me,
While I shall quickly tell,
The only recipe,
To make a modern swell.

A bare-skin coat's his dress,
Or cloak his figure screens;
He talks—but none can guess,
What such sad gibberish means!
When he's an hour to spare,
He visits, concert, ball;

Or O—pe—ra, but there,
His place is in—a stall!

He wears a velvet stock,
Where the Mosaic shines,
A Rocheele on his block,
One of the Four and Nine's!
A Dickey, wash'd well out,
And Bluchers neat and new,
And shirt he is without,
And ditto stockings too.

He's black hair on his head,
While down his cheeks there come
A pair of whiskers red,
But they stick fast—by gum!
Around his neck a string,
Or chain you'll see, by gosh,
To which hangs a brass ring,
Doing duty for a watch.

His tongue like clock-work runs,
For ever on the buzz;
He makes what he calls punns,
If you don't laugh—he does!
For dinner in loud din,
His stomach makes demands,
His pockets have nought in,
Except, sometimes—his hands.

You'll know him best at dark,
He twinkles like a star,
If he has tin—the spark,
Must puff a cheap cigar!
In a Mackintosh, he rigs,
And if dark be the night,
When any thing he prigs,
He pops it out of sight.

'M OVER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

I'm over young, I'm over young,
 I'm over young to marry yet,
 I'm over young, 'twould be a sin,
 To take me from my mammy yet.

I am my mammy's ain bairn,
 Nor of my hame am weary yet,
 And I would have you learn, lads,
 That ye for me must tarry, yet.
 I'm over young, &c

For I have had my ain way,
 None dare to contradict me yet,
 So soon to say I must obey,
 In truth I dare not venture yet.
 For I'm over young.

But I'm sixteen next Lammas day,
 And gin a body love me yet,
 'Twould not be truth, ye ken, to say
 I'm over young to marry yet.
 For I'm sixteen, &c.

□□□□□□

JOHNNY SANDS.

A man whose name was Johnny Sands,
 Had married Betty Hauge,
 And though she brought him gold and lands,
 She proved a terrible plague.
 For, oh, she was a scolding wife,
 Full of caprice and whim,
 He said that he was tired of life,
 And she was tired of him.
 And she, &c.

Says he, Then I will drown myself,
The river runs below,

Says she, Pray, do, you silly elf,
I wished it long ago.

Says he, Upon the brink I'll stand,
Do you run down the hill,

And push me in with all your might,

Says she, My love, I will.

Says she, &c.

For fear that I should courage lack,

And try to save my life,

Pray, tie my hands behind my back,

I will, Replied the wife.

She tied them back, as you may think,

And when securely done,

Now, stand, says she, upon the brink,

And I'll prepare to run.

And I'll prepare, &c.

All down the hill his loving bride,

Now run with all her force,

To push him in—he stepp'd aside,

And she fell in of course;

Now splashing, dashing, like a fish,

Oh! save me, Johnny Sands,

I can't, my dear, though much I'd wish,

For you have tied my hands.

For you, &c.

□□□□□□

I AM A BOLD BUCCANEER.

At night stealing over the waters,

My bark like a spirit is seen,

When the brills are red with my slaughters,

Or the moon's in her loveliest sheen

In fair or in foul I am ready,
 'Gainst the rich laden merchant to steer,
 I am firm to my purpose and steady,
 For I am a bold Buccaneer.

My bark she has masts, tall and raking,
 She's fit for a master like me,
 And all who behold her are quaking
 Whenever she rides o'er the sea;
 When a suppliant to me is kneeling,
 At his deep tale of sorrow I sneer,
 To me it is useless appealing;
 For I am a bold Buccaneer.

I once own'd a house where no danger
 Intruded to ruffle my breast,
 Usurped by a powerful stranger,
 Now others its chambers have press'd;
 So, now in my turn, I'm a rover,
 No power—though destiny's potent, I fear,
 I'll live till my destiny's over,
 Then die—like a bold Buccaneer.

□□□□□□

SOFTLY SIGHS.

From the Opera of DER FREISCHÜTZ.

RECITATIVE.

Before my eyes beheld him,
 Sleep never was my foe,
 But hand-in-hand in sorrow,
 Love e'er is wont to go.
 The moon displays her silvery light,
 Oh! lovely night.

Softly sighs the voice of evening,
Stealing through yon willow grove,
While the stars, like guardian spirits,
Set their mighty watch above.

Through the dark blue vaults of ether,
Silence reigns with soothing power,
But a storm o'er yonder mountain,
Darkly brooding seems to lower:
And along yon forest side,
Clouds of darkness seem to glide.

Oh! what terror fills my bosom,
Where, my Rodolph, dost thou rove!
Oh! may heaven's protection shelter
Him my heart must always love.

Earth has lull'd her cares to rest—
What delays my loit'ring love?—
Fondly beats my anxious breast—
Where my Rodolph, dost thou rove?

Scarce the night-wind whisper'd vows
Wake a murmuring 'mong the boughs,
Now the widowed nightengale,
Softly tells her piteous tale,
Again, again, my heart shall prove
The bliss that springs from anxious love.

□□□□□□

THERE'S SUNLIGHT IN HEAVEN.

There's sunlight in Heaven,
There's calm on the sea,
Perfume on the flower,
And bloom on the tree;

With nature as beaming,
 As nature can be,
 And all around smiling,
 Oh! smile thou on me.

With fondness unfading,
 With pinion as free
 As birds that hath wandered,
 Flies home o'er the lee.
 With spirits as ardent
 As feeling can be,
 And its passion renewing,
 I come love to thee.

□□□□□□

LAND, LAND, LAND.

Words by C. MACKEY, L.L.D.

Music by H. Russell, Esq.

Music at the Musical Bouquet Office.

Land, land, land,
 The dangers of the deep are past
 We're drawing near our home at last,
 We see its outline on the sky,
 And join the sailor's welcome cry,

Land, land, land.
 Oh! joyful thoughts for weary man,
 To tread the solid earth again,
 And bark' the church-bells pealing near,
 From spire and turret, loud and clear,
 As if they rang so loud and free,
 To bid us welcombe o'er the sea.

Land, land, land.

The dangers, &c.

Land, land, land,
 The cry makes ev'ry heart rejoice,
 Is this the country of our choice?
 Is this the long sought happy soil,
 Where plenty spreads the board of toil?
 Land, land, land.

How gladly through its paths we'll tread,
 With bounding step, uplifted head,
 And through its wilds and forests roam,
 To clear our farms, to build our home,
 And sleep at night and never dread,
 The morn shall see us wanting bread.
 Land, land, land.

They cry, &c.

Land, land, land,
 We've passed together o'er the sea
 In storm and sunshine, comrades we,
 But ere we part let's gather round,
 And shout with one accord, the sound,
 Land, land, land.

The land of rivers broad and deep,
 The land where he who sows may reap,
 The land, where if we ploughmen will,
 We may possess the fields we till,
 To gather all and shout once more,
 The land, the land, hurrah for shore.
 Land, land, land.

We've pass'd, &c.

□□□□□

WHEN ALL ALONE.

MADRIGAL.

When all alone my pretty love was playing,
 And I saw Phœbus standing at agaize, staying,
 Alas, I feared there would be some betraying.